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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SPONTINI.

From the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ. (Continued.)

The score finished, the Empress immediately caused it to be put to study at the opera; and then the protégé of Josephine began to experience the agony of rehearsals—frightful torture for a novice without acquired authority, and to whom the entire *personnel* of performers is naturally and systematically hostile—a perpetual struggle against malevolent intentions; heart-rending efforts to obliterate limits, warm icicles, reason with fools, talk of love to eunuchs, of imagination to idiots, of art to common laborers, of sincerity to liars, of enthusiasm to the envious, of courage to cowards. Every body revolted against the pretended difficulties of the new work, against the unusual forms of that great style, against the impetuous movements of that incandescent passion, lighted at the purest rays of an Italian sun. Each wished to abridge, cut out, prune, and mould to rude exigences this noble music, which wearied its interpreters by requiring ceaseless

attention, sensibility, vigor, and a scrupulous fidelity. Madame Branchu herself, that inspired woman, who so admirably created the rôle of Julia, has since acknowledged to me, and not without regretting this culpable discouragement, that she once declared to Spontini that she never could learn his *unsingable* recitatives. The revising of the instrumentation, the suppression and restoration of phrases, and the transpositions had already cost the Opera enormous copying expenses. Without the indefatigable kindness of Josephine, and the *will* of Napoleon, who always exacted the *impossible*, there is no doubt but that the *Vestale*, refused as absurd and inexecutable, would never have been performed. But while the poor great artist withered amid the tortures which they so cruelly persisted in inflicting upon him at the Opera, the Conservatory was preparing melted lead to pour upon his open wounds on the grand day of the first representation. All the embryo-contrapuntist-brats, swearing on the authority of their masters that Spontini ignored the first elements of harmony, that his melody was balanced upon the accompaniment like a *lock of hair upon a dish of soup*, (for more than ten years I heard in the classes of the Conservatory this noble comparison applied to the works of Spontini,)—all the young manufacturers of notes, as capable of understanding and feeling the *noble* in music, as Messieurs the porters, their fathers, were of judging of literature and philosophy; all clubbed together to effect the downfall of *La Vestale*. The system of hisses and whistling was not admitted. That of yawns and laughter having been adopted, each one of these myrmidons agreed on the end of the second act to put on a night cap, and feign to sleep.

I hold these details from the chief of the band of sleepers. He had associated with himself for the direction of the sleeping a young ballad singer, since become one of the most celebrated of our Opera Comique composers. The first act passed off without any grievance, and the cabalers not being able to refrain from acknowledging the effect of this fine music, so badly written, according to them, contented themselves with saying, in a tone of *naïf* astonishment, devoid of all hostile intent: "*cela va!*" (it succeeds!) Boieldieu, being present 22 years after at the general rehearsal of Beethoven's symphony in C major, ejaculated also with the same feelings of surprise: "*cela va!*"—the Scherzo had appeared to him so oddly written, that in his opinion it

could not go at all. Alas! there are many things which have succeeded, do succeed, and will succeed, despite the professors of Counterpoint, and the authors of *opéras-comiques*.

At the end of the second act of *La Vestale*, the steadily-increasing interest of the temple scene gave no chance to the conspirators of thinking for an instant of the wretched farce which they had prepared, and the finale drew from them, as well as from the impartial public the warmest applause; for which they had, no doubt, to make *amende honorable* the next day, by continuing in their classes to despise the ignorant Italian, whose music, nevertheless, had so vividly affected them. Time is a great master! The adage is not new; but the revolution which twelve or fifteen years have made in the ideas of our Conservatory is a striking proof of its truth. No longer in this establishment do we find prejudice, or parties hostile to new works; the spirit of the school is excellent. I believe that the Society of Concerts, by familiarising the young musicians with a great number of *chefs-d'œuvres*, written by masters whose hardy and independent genius has never known even our scholastic reveries, has had a great hand in the accomplishing of this result. Also the execution of fragments of *La Vestale*, by the Society of Concerts, and pupils of the Conservatory has always obtained an immense success, a success of applause, of tears, a success which affects the performers and the public to such a degree that it has sometimes been found impossible to continue the concert for half an hour. One day, on a similar occasion, Spontini, hidden in the recess of his box, was observing philosophically this tempest of enthusiasm, and was, doubtless, asking himself on seeing the tumultuous manifestations of the orchestra and chorists, what had become of all those petty contrapuntists, all those little rogues of 1807, when suddenly the pit, having perceived him, rose in a body turning towards him, and the whole hall resounded with cries of recognition and admiration. Sublime enthusiasm, with which earnest souls salute true genius; and its most noble recompense! Was there not something providential in this triumph awarded to the great artist in the very bosom of the school in which during more than thirty years were taught hatred of his person and contempt of his works!

And, nevertheless, to those (and their number is large) who have not heard it at the Opera, how much the music of *La Vestale* must lose, being

thus deprived of the illusions of the stage. How is it possible to imagine at a concert that multitude of different effects in which dramatic inspiration bursts forth in so great abundance and depth? What those listeners can seize, is a variety of expression which they imagine from the commencement of each rôle, the intensity of passion which renders this music luminous by the ardent flame concentrated therein, (*sunt lacrymæ rerum*), and the purely musical value of the melodies and groups of chords. But there are ideas which can only be seized at the theatre; one, especially, among others is of rare beauty, in the second act. In the air of Julia: *Impitoyables Dieux*, an air in the minor mode, and full of desperate agitation, there occurs a phrase heart-rending in abandon and sorrowful tenderness: *Que le bienfait de sa présence enchante un seul moment ces lieux*. At the end of this air, and the recitative: *Viens, mortel adoré, je te donne ma vie*, when Julia retires to the back of the stage to give entrance to Licinius, the orchestra takes up a fragment of the preceding air, in which the accents of the passionate trouble of the vestal still predominate; but at the very instant in which the door opens, giving admission to the friendly rays of the evening star, a sudden *pianissimo* brings back to the orchestra, rich in wind instruments, the phrase—*que le bienfait de sa présence*; immediately a delicious atmosphere seems to pervade the temple, a perfume of love is exhaled, the flower of love is bursting forth, the heavens are opened, and we readily conceive that the *amante* of Licinius, discouraged by her struggle with her heart, should tremblingly sink at the foot of the altar, willing to give up her life for a moment of transport. Starting with this piece, the musical and dramatic interest increases in grandeur; and we could almost say that, taken altogether, the entire second act is a gigantic *crescendo*, of which the *forte* only bursts forth at the final scene of the veil. How is it possible not to note, *en passant*, marvels of expression like those at the beginning of the lovers' duo:

LICINIUS. Je te vois.

JULIA. Dans quels lieux!

LICINIUS. Le Dieu qui nous rassemble,

Veille autour de ces murs, et prend soin de tes jours.

JULIA. Je ne crains que pour toi!

What a difference in the accent of these two persons! The words of Licinius crowd upon his burning lips; Julia, on the contrary, has no inflection to her voice, her strength fails her, she sinks down fainting. The character of Licinius is still better developed in his cavatina, of which it is impossible to cease admiring the melodious beauties; he is at first gentle, consoling, an adorer, but towards the end, at these words: *Va, c'est aux dieux à nous porter envie*, a kind of pride is manifest in his accent, he contemplates his beautiful conquest, the joy of possession becomes greater than the happiness itself, and his passion is slightly tinted with self-pride. As to the duo, and especially to the peroration of the *ensemble*,

C'est pour toi seul que je veux vivre!

Où pour toi seule je veux vivre!

they are indescribable; they contain palpitations, exclamations, passionate caresses unknown to you, pale lovers of the North. It is an Italian love in all its furious grandeur and volcanic ardor. In the finale, at the entrance of the people and the priests into the temple, the forms of rhythm enlarge beyond all measure; the orchestra

pregnant with tempest, swells and undulates with a terrible majesty; here the question in point is, religious fanaticism.

O crime! ô désespoir! ô comble de revers!
Le feu céleste éteint! la prêtresse expirante!
Les dieux, pour signaler leur colère éclatante,
Vont-ils dans le chaos replonger l'univers?

This recitative is truthfully frightful in the development of its melody; in its modulations, and its instrumentation it is of monumental grandeur. Everywhere there is clearly manifest the threatening power of Jupiter Tonans. And in the phrases of Julia, successively full of distress, resignation, revolt, and audacity, there are accents so natural that it seems as if no others could be used, and yet they are so rare that the finest scores contain but very few. Such are:

Eh quoi! je vis encore.....

Qu'on me mène à la mort.....

Le trépas m'affranchit de ton autorité.....

Prêtres de Jupiter, je confesse que j'aime.....

Est-ce assez d'une loi pour vaincre la nature....

Vous ne le saurez pas.....

At this last reply of Julia to the question of the pontiff, the thunders of the orchestra burst forth with violence; we feel that she is lost, and that the touching prayer which the unfortunate one has just addressed to Latona will not save her. The measured recitative: *Le temps finit pour moi*, is a master-piece of modulation, with regard to that which precedes and follows it. The high priest has ended his phrase in the key of E major, which will become that of the final chorus. The chant of the vestal deviating gradually from this key, reposes upon the dominant of C minor; then the altos commence alone a sort of tremolo in B, which the ear takes to be the *note sensible* of the last established key, and bring about by this same B,—about suddenly to become the *dominant*,—the explosion of brass instruments and cymbals in the key of E major, which vibrates anew with redoubled sonority; like those lights, which, in the night, re-appear the more brilliantly, when an obstacle has for a moment excluded them from our sight. With regard to the anathema, with which the pontiff crushes his victim, as well as to the *Sretta*, all description is as powerless as it is useless for whoever has not heard them. There, especially, you recognise the power of that orchestra of Spontini, which, notwithstanding the various developments of modern instrumentation, has stood erect, majestic, draped in the antique, and as brilliant as the day on which it issued arrayed in armor from the head of its author. You palpitate with pain under the incessant *repercussion* of the pitiless rhythm of the double syllabic chorus of priests, in contrast with the moaning melody of the weeping vestals. But the divine anguish of the listener arrives at its climax when, abandoning the use of the precipitate rhythm, the instruments and the voices,—the former in tremolo, the latter in sustained sounds—pour forth in continuous torrents the strident chords of the peroration. That is the culminating point of the *crescendo* which increases so grandly during the second half of the second act, and to which, in my opinion, no other is to be compared for its immensity, or the formidable slowness of its progress. During the grand performances of this Olympian scene at the Conservatoire and at the Grand Opera of Paris, all shuddered, public, performers, the edifice itself, which, metalized from base to roof, seemed, like a colossal gong, to send forth

sinister vibrations. The means of small theatres are insufficient to produce this strange phenomenon.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Julius Knorr's Instructive Works on Playing the Piano.

I.

Among musical instruments the Piano is that most in use. For it the greatest number of works have been written, from Bach down to our days. "Methods" for it have multiplied since C. Ph. Em. Bach wrote his "Essay on the true manner of playing the Piano," in the last quarter of the 18th century. The convenience of the instrument for the reproduction of orchestral works, the facility of executing harmonical combinations, and hence the necessity of being familiar with it (in some degree at least) to every composer, have induced most who study music, either for their profession or for amusement, to acquire some mastery of the Piano. Such an universal cultivation of necessity has led to the most extensive application of all known, and the invention of innumerable new, musical forms and figures. Difficulties have increased not only as to mechanical execution, but as to spiritual conception; chiefly since Beethoven, who carried the whole instrumental world to a point so far above anything before him, that he will forever stand out the landmark of a new era. Upon him the whole development of modern music is founded, and the ideas laid down in his latter works will furnish abundant food for musical centuries to come. He was the first to introduce in Piano music a melody with a distinct and separate accompaniment,* and thus opened a field, which the entire modern school has not by any means exhausted. He first employed chords more widely laid out, fuller arpeggios, than his predecessors. It is not too much to assert, that his and John Sebastian Bach's works are study enough for a lifetime, and if one would devote himself exclusively to those two authors he would have included in his studies the whole compass of the art in its application to the Piano.

This is said with no intention to underrate a Mozart, a Haydn, a Dussek, a Mendelssohn, Weber, Chopin, and many others. But after all, with all due reverence for their immortal works, Bach and Beethoven will remain the greatest attraction to the Piano-player who is a true musician, the main object of his devotion and cultivation. The difficulties of execution by the introduction of new and more complicated passages, have greatly increased even since Beethoven. But the root and germ of all the new forms created by a Kalkbrenner, Ries, Thalberg, Chopin, Liszt, are contained in Beethoven's works.

The player who plays Beethoven's greater works artistically, is *eo ipso* master of all that has been written before him, and little trouble will enable him fully to do justice in mechanical execution and spiritual conception to all that has been written after him, up to the immense mechanical difficulties created by Chopin and Liszt.

We have arrived now at a point from which at present a new climax of mechanical difficulties seems impossible. Such periods, when a certain cyclus of artistical labors is closed, are the time

* See even among his first works the *Largo* of the 2d Sonata of op. 2 dedicated to Father Haydn or the *Adagio cantabile* of his great *Sonate pathétique*, op. 13.

for collecting the materials, for reducing them to certain fundamental formations, in short, for preparing them to the use of the musical student. This task, which a Method for the piano has to carry out in our days, has been marked out by JULIUS KNORR in the preface to his "Materials" so distinctly that it seems best to quote his own words. He says:

"Already in the first volume of the musical paper (*Neue Leipziger Zeitschrift für Musik*) founded by R. Schumann and myself, of which I was then editor, I maintained the necessity of confining a method for the piano in our days, when the mechanical difficulties in pieces for the piano have increased so much of late, mainly to the nucleus of the different mechanical exercises. This only will enable the player to overcome those difficulties in the shortest possible time. Such a method, I hold, should not be a compilation of all figures and passages existing already, . . . but must exclusively and fully lay the foundation for a sure touch and unerring fingering, without which the study of the larger compositions cannot be undertaken. . . . Such an instruction book cannot and must not contain the more complicated forms which much more advantageously are to be studied from the better études, (in reality only supplements of the instruction book) and the compositions themselves."

This task has been carried out to the satisfaction of certainly every teacher by this same Jul. Knorr, well known to the musical public by his former successful labors and his instruction books in this beautiful department of our Art. Whoever will only glance over his edition of A. E. Müllers "Method for the Piano," will concur in the writer's opinion, that he has accomplished in it all that could be desired for the wants of a rational instruction, as far as the mechanical part of the Art is concerned.

This work, of which there exists no English edition as yet,* came out in Leipzig under the title: "Large Method for the Piano, by A. E. Müller, newly revised edition by Jul. Knorr;" in two volumes; the first of which contains, besides the rudiments of music, a systematical exposition of fingering, &c., "and many hints as to modes of expression (musical elocution). For the teacher a very valuable guide for elementary instruction is interspersed between the exercises." After a brief introduction in musical rudiments follows his explanation of the only rational position of the hand, with diagram. The only rational, because based upon the anatomical structure of the hand. Then follow some very concise rules on touch and on the motion of the wrist. To the first might have been added, that pressing hard after the key is struck is a great means of soon acquiring strength of fingers; and to the rules on the motion of the wrist might have been added an enumeration of those cases, where the staccato notes are to be played only from the knuckles! Then come five-finger exercises, the hand standing still. At this point already we cannot but admire the logical arrangement of this Method, which in this particular has no equal. First one finger at a time is made to strike, then follow two alternately, thus preparing the study of that important mechanical requisite, the trill; then follows an exercise where two fingers are playing simultaneously, thus introducing

* An English translation has just been finished in manuscript.

the study of thirds, &c. Only then is the pupil taught the notes. The preceding exercises he has had to study without them. According to a truly practical principle, the pupil learns only treble notes now, and is introduced, in § 42, to works written in little four-hand pieces, on five notes, where the hand, constantly in one position, can accustom itself to that regular position, until it has become a settled habit. A most excellent piece of this kind is reprinted there from the Method of Moscheles, Fétis and Kullak, which in connection with those by Diabelli, recommended for use, will fully answer the above purpose.

These five finger exercises are succeeded by similar ones for two hands, where the extent of a fifth is overstepped already, furnished with practical remarks on different manners of fingering, on musical elocution, &c.

Next follows a chapter on time, rests, abbreviations, with a very important, short and comprehensive synopsis of cases where perfect independence of the hands is required. Then follow some theoretical chapters on intervals, chords, together with some practical ones on different manners of execution, viz. legato, staccato, &c., and on rhythm. Sections 97-112 contain some general rules of fingering "necessary for the little pieces the pupil is to play now," as the author says; of far wider bearing, however, so that they really serve as ground work for all possible cases of fingering. With reluctance we abstain from translating the important chapter. Remarkable are the rules for those cases, when the use of the thumb or the 5th finger on black keys is justifiable, and when not.

Then follow, in section 114, some progressive pieces ranging in difficulty after those of section 42. And here a feature of the book is to be noticed which alone would recommend it to every teacher that loves his Art. It is a part of that guide for the teacher mentioned above. In section 114, several pieces by our best masters, such as Haydn, Clementi, C. M. von Weber, Kuhlau, Czerny, J. Schmitt, &c., are recommended to be practised, besides those contained in the Method. The intrinsic value of these pieces forms quite an agreeable contrast to the collections of trashy waltzes, &c., which almost exclusively fill methods like those by Hüntten, Burgmüller, &c.

Next comes a chapter on the embellishments, the turn, appoggiatura, mordente, trill and its different ways of termination, double trill, trill accompanying a melody &c.

A short but highly interesting chapter on musical elocution, the use of the pedals, legato, portamento, staccato, with very valuable hints on the character and correct manner of delivering compositions of different composers, closes the first part.

(To be continued.)

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.—The musical season proposes to be a wet one, to judge by the following list of *waterworks*. Evening Dew, Osborne. Morning Mist, Calcott. Water Spray, Sloper. Cascade, Szekely. Wasser-fall, Vogel. Ditto, Pauer. Rippling Stream, Spindler. Water Music, Handel. La Source, Blumenthal. Rivulet, Bartholdy. L'Eau Dormante, do. Rain-drop, Gabriel. A Rainy Summer's Day, Szekely. Mountain Streamlet, do. In mercy to suffering mortality, will no good and musical soul write an "Umbrella," as a protection against the above.—London paper.

Our Correspondence from Germany.

MUSIC IN LEIPZIG AND BERLIN—BACH'S "PASSION"—GEWANDHAUS ORCHESTRA—SINGERS—LISZT—MARIE WIECK—THE KING OF PRUSSIA AND HIS MILITARY BANDS—MUSIC-PRINTING IN A PRISON—JOHANNA WAGNER.

DRESDEN, April 7, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: I received your letter this morning, and shall be very happy to keep you booked up with regard to musical matters this side of the water, if my letters will afford any one the least pleasure or satisfaction. I arrived at Leipzig in fourteen days and two hours from the time I left New York, notwithstanding I was obliged to stop in London twenty-four hours and in Cologne twelve. I think this will be considered a very quick trip for the season of the year.

The first musical performance I have had the pleasure of listening to was the *Passions-Musik* (an oratorio) by BACH, performed in the Pauline church by a chorus of 200 voices, accompanied by an orchestra of 100 performers. Solo parts were sustained by Fraulein MEYER, Frau DREYSCHOCK, Herr BEHR, Herr —, tenor,—cannot remember his name. The whole was directed by the well known music director, RIETZ.

I must say that I have never been so much pleased and charmed by any music of the same character before. The melodies were so classical and beautiful, and rendered so finely by the different artists. Fraulein MEYER is quite celebrated as a classical singer and is the Leipzig favorite; this of course you well knew long ere this. Mme. R. DREYSCHOCK you perhaps have not heard so much about. She possesses a very full, round, and strong Soprano voice and sings with good taste and expression. The several arias she sang that evening gave general satisfaction, and she really deserves much credit. (The same lady has been very successful at the Gewandhaus Concerts the past winter.) The Orchestra, well known as the *Gewandhaus* orchestra, of course was nothing else but good and their part was performed as one would naturally suppose it must have been under the direction of such an eminent composer and director. I really had a favorable opportunity of hearing this orchestra, as the instrumentation of the "Passion" music was of a character that required a well and skillfully trained orchestra to do it justice. Very full, grand, with many most delicious effects.

The chorus had evidently been under a long drill to do such justice to themselves. And their part was very difficult indeed, and in fact the whole Oratorio is so difficult and requires such an orchestra and chorus that it is seldom given. When it is performed it draws all the musicians and professors from all the neighboring cities to hear it. The house was crowded from the very top to the bottom. Among other distinguished characters I saw LISZT, squeezed up in one corner, with the *Partitur* in his hand looking over and following along with the utmost attention. The whole performance went off admirably and without any faults that any reasonable critic should notice, when considering the immense orchestra and chorus. An orchestra of from forty to fifty performers, can in a comparatively short time be able to play very well together; but one composed of a hundred must be thoroughly trained in order to keep those fiddles any where near together, or those confounded horns from making such an awful noise as to drown all the other parts; and a new orchestra must undergo

long practise before the corners get well rounded off.

I had the pleasure of speaking with N. W. GADE, the celebrated composer, also with LISZT, both of which gentlemen I met at the office of Mr. Bartholf Senff, who is the editor of the *Leipziger Signale*, also a music dealer. This gentleman is a friend to all musicians, and his office is taken advantage of by musicians and composers, who step in to read the papers and learn what is going on in the musical world. In speaking with Liszt, I told him that his life of Chopin was being translated in America and that part of it had already appeared in our Boston Journal of Music. He remarked that he felt himself quite flattered and that he should feel proud to receive a copy; which I promised to send him.

RAYMOND DREYSCHOCK, who ranks very high as a violinist in Leipsic, has given several concerts with wonderful success. He has a strong idea of visiting America.

After finishing up my business in Leipsic, I visited Berlin, where I had the pleasure of meeting many musicians of celebrity. I called on Mr. SCHLESINGER, who showed me many musical curiosities, portraits, &c. I met here Fraulein MARIE WIECK, the celebrated pianist, who has been giving several concerts with most wonderful success. She is now about to return to Dresden again. After leaving Mr. Schlesinger's my attention was called at once towards the Royal Palace, where I saw a tremendous crowd of people, and a large number of military. I made my way through the crowd, when I saw the King of Prussia just making his appearance from the Palace, *on foot*, accompanied by some two hundred officers of different grades and from different companies. He walked up and down the street in a most commanding manner, which led a Yankee to suppose that he was "some pumpkins." While reviewing his troops, a Band of something more than a hundred musicians played several marches, and melodies from different operas, most splendidly. However, as my time was somewhat limited, I was obliged to leave to fulfil an engagement with Mr. Bock, music dealer. On my arrival at his place, his carriage was in readiness and waiting. I was introduced to Herr SINGER, a celebrated violinist from Pesth; also to Herr Von MEYER, a young composer of considerable talent.

We all stepped into the carriage and took a survey of the suburbs of Berlin. It being a delightful day, it was very pleasant and agreeable. Mr. Bock conducted us to the Prussian State Prison, which we went all over. I was very much interested, and found every part of the whole establishment in such perfect order, so neat, and clean, that I was about to venture to enquire the price of board, as I am sure it would be a very desirable location to live in, *provided* one could keep his own keys. After going through several departments we came to Mr. Bock's music printing office, which is in this establishment, *privileged by the King*. He has three large rooms. The first is where the lead is melted, and the plates are made. The second is where they are engraved. In the third the music is printed, pressed, and from there sent to his store ready for sale. The rooms are about fifty feet long and twelve wide, and the floor is waxed and polished so nice that it would almost serve as a mirror. Each prisoner is dressed in dark red throughout; stout jacket, vest, knee breeches, and long stock-

ings to meet them, with heavy shoes. Their ages are from twenty to fifty, and every one is sentenced *for life*. Very agreeable occupation that, but rather long time to serve! I think it will be quite interesting to your readers to know that all the music published by Bote and Bock, Berlin, is printed in a prison.

After passing some two hours here we rode to a large coffee garden, where we seated ourselves and indulged in a glass of *Bier*. In the evening I went to the Opera and heard the celebrated WAGNER in the *Prophete*. More perfect acting I have never witnessed; and a more beautiful voice, more finely cultivated, is seldom heard. Her low and middle tones are perfectly wonderful, and such as I have never heard from any other woman's lips. I was completely carried away by her. Yours, &c.

NATHAN RICHARDSON.

Gleanings from German Musical Papers.

[Prepared for this Journal.]

The reorganization of the post office in Berlin has admitted a large number of qualified military men, whose service had expired, into that branch of the civil service. Among the new officers in the general office are about forty who were formerly in the bands. These have united and form an orchestra, which a few weeks since gave a concert to their fellow officials and their families. Beethoven's overture to "Prometheus," and Rossini's to "William Tell" were performed, together with solos for the violin and clarinet. Pretty well for a post office!—at least we should think so if the thing had occurred.

The Barcelona Courier recently published the following notice: "All lovers, wishing to pay court to their ladies, may apply at the bureau of the theatre, which will furnish an orchestra of forty persons, who for five francs, are ready to give serenades before any doors designated."

These are the bills of the fifth and sixth of the *Sinfonie Soirées* of the Royal orchestra at Berlin during the past season:

FIFTH SOIRÉE.

- | | | |
|-----------|-----------------------------|------------|
| 1st part. | Symphony in G minor,..... | Mozart. |
| | Overture to Coriolan,..... | Beethoven. |
| 2nd part. | Overture to Don Juan,..... | Mozart. |
| | Symphony in C (First),..... | Beethoven. |

SIXTH SOIRÉE.

- | | | |
|-----------|----------------------------|--------------|
| 1st part. | Overture to Ruy Blas,..... | Mendelssohn. |
| | Symphony in E minor,..... | Haydn. |
| 2nd part. | Overture to Oberon,..... | Weber. |
| | Symphony in F (8th),..... | Beethoven. |

We fear it will be some time before an American audience will be satisfied with such programmes, and what is more sit in perfect silence during the entire performances.

Flotow's new opera, "Indra," is going all through Germany.

A German paper says that the new Music Hall at Boston is exquisitely adapted to music. A concert of sacred music given by Mme. Sontag in connection with the Handel and Haydn Society left nothing to be desired. It speaks also of a new statue of Beethoven, to be executed by Crawford, and to be placed in the hall; also of a new Biography of that composer by an American "music-loving dilettant, Taylor." These paragraphs are evidently taken, in part, from the London papers.

The annual report of the Grand Opera at

Munich in Bavaria, shows that 123 operas and musical dramas were performed during the year 1852. They were as follows:

German.	French and Italian.
Beethoven.....1	Spontini.....1
Mozart.....5	Cherubini.....1
Gluck.....1	Cimarosa.....1
Weber.....2	Mehul.....2
Meyerbeer.....3	Gretry.....1
Spohr.....1	Auber.....6
Dittersdorf.....1	Rossini.....3
Flotow.....3	Halevy.....3
Lortzing.....2	Bellini.....2
Lachner.....1	Donizetti.....3
	Verdi.....1
20	24

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXIV.

NEW YORK, April 17. Though not very fond of his music, the name of Lindpaintner has long had a charm for me, which probably is owing to the associations with which I first became acquainted with it. The few who can read Bettine's correspondence with Goethe, will not need be reminded, that in the portion of her letters written from Landshut, she speaks of him more than once. The particular passage I have in mind, is in the letter of Oct. 16, 1809, and is as follows:

"I have into the bargain an accumulated correspondence with young off-shoots of the fine arts;—a young architect at Cologne; a musician of eighteen years of age, who studied composition with Winter, rich in beautiful melodies, like a silver swan, which sings in the clear blue atmosphere, with swelling wings. The swan has a confounded Bavarian name; he is called Lindpaintner; yet, says Winter, he will bring the name to honor."

In another letter she refers to him in a single sentence, which closes with a sly reference to Goethe's want of musical powers. "The Musician," says she, "is my favorite, and with him I might easily have driven my discourses upon art to excess, for there I expatiate more, and cede nothing to you."

Jacob, the elder Lindpaintner, was a tenor singer, of the school of Bighini, and had a situation under Clemens Wenzelslaus, the last elector of Treves. It is a little curious sometimes to mark the connection between small and great things, and several men who have made their mark upon the musical world might have remained comparatively unknown had the French Revolution been delayed ten years longer! The association in this case is on this wise. The French armies put an end to the Electorate of Cologne and Treves, and the poor musicians of Maximilian and Clemens were dispersed. Beethoven could now remain in Vienna; the two Romburghs had to travel for a subsistence, and lo! they proved to be in the very highest rank—Bernhard as violoncellist, Andreas as violinist; old father Ries, deprived of his situation, sent his son Ferdinand to Vienna; and Jacob Lindpaintner followed his prince to Augsburg, where he settled as a member of Clemens' household, and appears to have given up his profession as a singer. Peter, the son, was kept at the gymnasium until he was sixteen years of age, and pursued the study of music as a recreation. He had two good teachers, Plüdderl, a fine violinist and a very excellent music-director, on the violin, and Witzka, the director in the Cathedral, on the organ, and the piano forte, and in the science of music. Augsburg at that time was not the still, sleepy, grass-grown city, which I found in 1851, but was filled with musicians and artists, and young Lindpaintner, once on the way, had every inducement to make himself, what nature intended, a fine musician. Clemens was a great lover of music and through his influence the father finally consented that Peter should give up his intended profession and devote himself to Art. It must have been in the youth's 17th year that the Elector (elector no longer, though) sent him to Munich, to Winter. Winter was in fact no teacher, and his pupils could learn little if anything of him; yet the boy in the space of two or three years wrote an opera (Demophoon), a Mass and a Te Deum, which were performed in 1811 at Munich.

About the time he came to Munich, came also Bettine, and they soon became acquainted of course, for she was as free as air with everybody, and was studying music and drawing and no one knows what—the pet and play-

thing of all the grave heads of the splendid circle of literary men at that time in Munich. There were Tieck, and Rumalex, and old Jacobi, and Stadion, and Archbishops and Bishops and Counts and so on. And, with them all, Winter. She writes:

"Every morning I pay my old Winter a visit; in fine weather he breakfasts in the garden arbor with his wife; then I must always settle the dispute between them about the cream upon the milk. Then he ascends his dove cote, big as he is! He must stoop to the floor, a hundred pigeons flutter about him, alight upon his head, breast, body and legs; tenderly he squints at them, and for very friendliness he cannot whistle, so he begs me: 'Oh, pray whistle,'—then hundreds more come tumbling in from without, with whistling wings, cooing and fluttering about him; then he is happy and would like to compose music, which should sound exactly so."

There is a picture of the composer of the "Interrupted Sacrifice!" and so at "old Winter's" Bettine and the young musician with the "confounded Bavarian name" became acquainted. And now nearly half a century has passed away, and Bettine is the Baroness von Arnim, a little, lively, black-eyed, handsome old lady, full of life and romance, with the best heart and one of the noblest heads in the world, and the youthful musician is a dignified man of sixty, who has brought his name to honor. Where was I?

Well, the first opera, "Demophon," succeeded pretty well, and Clemens would have his protégé visit Italy—and the protégé was no ways disinclined—when death stepped in, took off Clemens, and poor Peter (1812) must get a living by his own resources. Just at this time a new theatre was opened at Munich, and Lindpaintner, not yet 21, was invited to the office of Kapelmeister. This was no slight honor, but it led him to neglect theoretical studies, and to compose away, hit or miss, rule or no rule. A German Biographical Sketch of him tells how this was cured. On a certain occasion a new overture by him was performed with extraordinary applause. Delighted and self-satisfied the composer left the hall. Meeting an old friend, a thorough musician, from whom he expected nothing but praise, he was not a little astounded to have the question put to him, how it was possible for him, a young man with so much and such fine talent, to write such miserable stuff! The speaker then proceeded to point out to him some of his more notable failings, and finally closed by telling him that before he wrote anything more, he had better learn something solid, for as yet he knew precious little of the principles of composition! This was what led him to place himself under the instructions of Gratz, as mentioned in the Sketch in *Dwight's Journal*; instructions by which he profited, as all the world knows.

April 22. Looking over a file of German papers this evening, I found the following proclamation in the column of official news:

"So numerous of late have been the applications for the title of *Music-director*, the conferring of which falls within my official duties, that I find myself obliged, for the purpose of preserving the value of this distinguishing mark of excellence in the art, to revise carefully the circumstances under which the aforesaid title shall be conferred. Having obtained the opinion of the musical section of the Royal Academy of Science on this matter, I have for the present come to this decision;—that, for the sake of preserving in future a proper limit to the grant of the title, *Music-director*, notice shall only be taken of the claims of such musicians as possess a general scientific and fundamental musical education, who, through great works of musical composition of acknowledged excellence, have become known, and who have successfully assumed the direction of works of the higher class and of the performances of established musical associations. At the same time I reserve the right in certain cases of conferring the title upon suitable persons upon the recommendation of the musical section of the Royal Academy. I bring the above to public notice, in order that proper circumspection may be used in future applications for the title aforesaid, and to prevent improper and unfounded solicitations, and that those applying may produce the proper witnesses and proofs of their having fulfilled the indispensable requisites to the grant."

VON LADENBERG,

Minister of Ecclesiastical, Educational and Medical Affairs.

Berlin, July 8, 1850."

I could not help thinking, with a feeling of commiseration, of the fate—if some such order should proceed from the Department of the Interior—of not a few of our "Professors!"

April 25. Considering what a teapot tempest was raised by a paragraph in the *Diary* some months since, I was rather glad to see the following in a Pittsburg paper, which came to hand to-day:

"The third and last grand concert of the Germania Society will take place this evening at Masonic Hall. For the first time in this city a grand entire symphony of the great BEETHOVEN will be performed."

Then follows an account of the *Pastorale*. I hope that this favorite Society will continue in the right path and do something to show people the difference between classic and dance house music.

A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* a few weeks since seems however to have been not a little dissatisfied with the Germanians' programmes in that city. Hear him:

GENTLEMEN:—This society gave two more of their *Washington Concerts*, &c., &c. It may not be known to the citizens of Washington that when the Germania Society give a concert here, they select such music as they deem fitted to the culture of our citizens. It is a settled conviction in the minds of these gentlemen that we of Washington are not yet able to appreciate the compositions of Beethoven and other eminent musical composers, all which they play a whole season through in Boston; but, instead of such masterpieces of musical genius, we have the Overture of Weber, in *Der Freyschütz*, which, however excellent, has certainly become stale by repetition. Then we have a Waltz, by Lanner, and so on to the end; and for Thursday evening we had more waltzes, gallops, and such like—the very garbage of their collections. It would be hard to find a more stupid piece of music than the Castilian Gallop, performed on Wednesday evening. Rousseau thought he had done wonders when he wrote the air known by his name on "four notes;" but Lumbye, the author of this Gallop, has excelled him, for his piece is written on "three," and very like those of a hurdy-gurdy they are.

Messrs. Editors, we are not so utterly wanting in musical taste as these gentlemen have supposed. And concert after concert would be attended here if they would but give us such bills as they present to the people of Boston and New York.

JAELL is the prince of pianists, and one piece of his in a concert is enough; and as for the young girl, she makes one believe in a pre-existing state, in which she was doubtless an accomplished violinist, taught perhaps by St. Cecilia, and who with ease recovers what she better knew in her former life.

F. S.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 30, 1853.

The Opera.

Since our notice of her opening in the *Son-nambula*, Mme. SONTAG has appeared in the characters of the Daughter of the Regiment, Linda, the Borgia, Rosina, and Lucia. Six widely different rôles in as many nights! And all with a rare measure of both vocal and dramatic success. We cannot but take note of this uncommon *wear* and versatility of talent, this consummate positive economy of strength, in a woman renewing the artistic triumphs of more than twenty years ago, and now already far gone into the second twelve-months of this active *After-Summer*.

Another general note we have to make of the peculiar and enduring charm there is in the quality, the individuality, the color, (so to speak) of her voice, notwithstanding that that voice is the first thing about her that confesses itself overtaxed by such continuous and arduous employment. This rich complexion of her tones (fancy we speak of golden or purpling grapes) has steadily grown upon us and lingers with a deep-reaching pleasantness in the mind. Of marvellous execution, subtle ornament, graceful art of veiling the defect of time, we need add nothing to repeated and full notes already taken by our-

selves and others. A few words of the operas singly.

The high-bred Countess takes the "Daughter of the Regiment"—i. e. so long as she is of the Regiment, through the first act—somewhat daintily. She cannot go into it with the smacking *gusto*, the sincere girl-boyishness of an Alboni. She does not drum, and she does not pour out the liquor to the soldiers with her own hands. And who would have her do it? It is not her nature. She could only be the spoiled child of the army, by ceasing to be the Sontag; and that is an individuality which we can hardly afford to lose. But if Alboni in largeness and out-door haleness of voice, in dashing *abandon*, and power of making herself entirely happy with the part, is her superior in the first act, Sontag gives you a very winning archness and prettiness of a more refined sort, which promises better for better things (for really the music is hardly worth a great artist's trouble); and already when it comes to parting from the regiment, she sings with a sweetness and a pathos, far beyond Alboni; while in the second act, transplanted into the high-bred saloon life, without forgetting her free, frolic impulses, she gives you the ideal of the character as much more perfectly as the Alboni does it in the first act. The music-lesson scene was inimitably fine. Then too the *Salut à la France* was restored, with other things curtailed to the requirements of Alboni's register; so that more and more it grew upon you as a good artistic whole. BADIALLI, always good, was less at home than Rovere in the old Sergeant; it was not character enough for him. The Tonio was pretty and feeble; but evidently Signor POZZOLINI was quite ill. The choruses were good again, generally; but we did recognize (after all our congratulation last week) that old fish-market tone again in a single very prominent contralto voice in the kneeling chorus, at the beginning.

The same phenomenon again in the opening prayer chorus in *Linda di Chamounix*! But not repeated, that we noticed, in the rest of the performance, either this time or the last. And this was absolutely the only fault that we could find in *Linda*. It was at once forgotten in the charming completeness of the performance as a whole, and in the admirable art with which Sontag conveyed all the music and the individuality of her part. We had remembered *Linda* as a pretty opera, the music thereof gracefully and sweetly commonplace. But this time we were quite fascinated to the end; and we can fully second the general suggestion that this is one of the operas which it would most delight the worthy public to have repeated. It was, so far, Sontag's finest part. The for the most part sweet, florid, birdlike, gently pathetic character of its melody was suited to her voice and skill; while the quiet, every-day, amiable, refined domesticity of the character was native to her. Her simple, filial grace in her peasant home, her faithful love of Carlos, her earnest, respectful listening to the sad, mellow music of her good neighbor Pierotto, her affecting farewell, as she sets out with Pierotto and the Savoyards over the mountains on their winter pilgrimage to Paris, were all chastely beautiful as one could wish. In her sumptuous Parisian dwelling, to which she has been wonderingly persuaded by her now revealed noble lover, and in that elegant old Louis Quatorze dress, she is the most perfect beauty we have seen upon the stage.

Her resistance of the old roué of a Marquis, who finds her in this somewhat questionable position, was a most perfect piece of acting, thoroughly alive with the genuine haughty scorn of a pure, a high-souled and insulted lady; and her recitative was a model of distinctness and impressiveness. The delirium, in which her brain seems musically whirling, under the double effect of her lover's seeming perfidy and her old father's curse, comes on and proceeds in the most natural and life-like manner, and never, in its intense and spasmodic demonstrations, oversteps (as almost all mad scenes are wont to do) the limits of artistic beauty. The sad, dull, utter prostration of mind and body, in which Pierotto leads her back to her village home, were as natural and touching as the sleep of exhaustion that succeeds a raging fever; and the lightning-swift return of joy and reason crowned all with a blaze of glory. One knows not the half of that artistic charm which has so long borne the name of Henriette Sontag, until he has heard and seen her on the stage in a part so perfectly her own as Linda.

Signora PICO VIETTI found out all the advantages of the pretty and poetic contralto part of Pierotto, and sang the quaint and plaintive Romanza with a luscious, Alboni-like largeness and richness of voice. Her husband, Sig. VIETTI, achieved the tenor part very creditably; while BADIALI as the old father, GASPARONI, as the priest, and Rocco as the jolly, sly old Marquis, made three as strong and telling and artistically finished basses as we ever heard together on one stage. The unaccompanied quintet, in which these were joined with Vietti and Pico, was a faultless rendering of a rich, impressive piece of harmony, and merited the encore it received.

On Monday Mme. Sontag again surprised us in a character as opposite as could be to the last. The *Lucrezia Borgia*, the most dramatic of all the modern Italian operas, opened in a style that far surpassed the many representations we had hitherto enjoyed of it. In the first place there was some clever attempt at scenery, showing the grand canal of Venice and its illuminated palaces in the background; and the luxury of that festal music—needs the luxuries of sight at the same time,—luxuries long obsolete in that old theatre. Then the spirited rendering of the chorus parts, with good dressing and good acting, and the unusual energy put into that admirably dramatic denunciatory passage: *Maffeo Orsini, Signora, son io*, &c., with the proud, vindictive, Borgia-like rage with which Sontag meets the insult, not falling to the ground as other *Lucrezias* have done, but following her enemies out, shaking her clenched hands at them with the triumph of revenge in store, and so connecting the end with the beginning of the opera,—made this whole scene in its ensemble splendidly effective. The solo and duet with Gennaro were exquisitely sung on her part, and this tender episode of maternal feeling was finely, touchingly impersonated; and foreign as it must ever seem for a woman of her nature to assume with any great force or intensity the dark and terrible nature of a Borgia, yet at the first touch of insult she appeared to swell with beautiful, envenomed passion, like the serpent that is trod upon. In the scene with the duke, before the poisoning, she displayed consummate action, modulating with the vivid suddenness of lightning through the whole gamut of conflicting passions. The trio would have been great, but

for the feebly audible tenor of POZZOLINI, who evidently had not recovered his strength. Indeed the want of all effective seconding in a Gennaro was necessarily a damper more than once upon the dramatic power of Sontag. The last scene indeed was nearly ruined by it. Even the drinking scene was poorer than we many times have had it, partly because of the tenor's weakness robbing it of all the fine point of the by-play between him and his poet friend Orsini, and partly because of Mme. Pico's somewhat coarse impersonation of the latter character, and only voluptuous, not refined, rendering of the Brindisi.—BADIALI's singing and acting of the Duke was all superb. GASPARONI made a better Gubetta than we have had before; and the choruses, especially those fine and graphic ones of the Duke's assassins in the street, (which have a touch of the Rossini "Barber" vein in their music—not forgetting that too of the pointed encounter between the two spies,—a sort of Shakspearian incidental wit there is in these little things) were done in praise-worthy style.—On the whole, even with the drawbacks already mentioned, this was the most impressive performance we have yet had of *Lucrezia Borgia*.—though we would have given something for Benedetti's robust, golden tenor in *Di pescator*, and for his general fire and manliness of action; also for such a refined, ideal type of the Maffeo Orsini, as we once had in gentle Rossi Corsi. In Sontag here was revealed a capacity of tragic fire and elevation, which few had suspected; there was not a little of the quickening fire of imagination in it, and it enforced the recognition of more depth of nature than anything we have witnessed from her before. The only pity was, first the want of a Gennaro to conspire with her in much that was not to be done by one alone, and secondly, the fact that her strength hardly held out for such prolonged intensity of action.

Presto! again, and cruel Borgia's are forgotten in the charming *espiegleries* of the most arch, most fascinating, most refined, most musical Rossini, we have ever witnessed on our stage, and in the exquisitely witty plot and witty melodies of the immortal "Barber" of Rossini. There are more musical ideas in the "Barber," more fresh, original and individual melodies, and more admirable harmonic combinations, than in all the current Italian operas put together. The music has a summer warmth and geniality, an ever shifting heat-lightning of fancy, an inexhaustible invention, which is quite Mozart-ish. *Lucrezia Borgia* alone has touches of the same quality, in those little incidental passages above referred to. But the "Barber" is all healthy, glorious, invigorating music; and we can conceive of no more perfect luxury than to see and hear it played and sung as well as it is composed. To a high degree we shared that luxury on Wednesday. Never have we enjoyed an opera half so much, with the exception of *Don Giovanni*; and that was never half so well performed here.

For the first time here this opera had good justice done it; and for the first time it fully made its mark upon the public,—the largest audience of the season. The great amount of Recitative in it, and the careless, slovenly, coarsely farcical representations have heretofore been an obstacle to its taking hold of any but those musical enough to direct their chief attention to the orchestra, which Rossini has made an evergushing spring of mingling melodies. This time the whole was lifted above low farce into fine, genial, exquisite comedy, and it was felt, in the perfect marriage of sounds with thoughts, how much of the essential comedy resides in the music itself. When that is so refined, what excuse is there for flat vulgarity

in the action! This time, it was all carefully and conscientiously sung; and all effectively, save Pozzolini's *Almaviva*, who still looks pale and weak, but in whom there is no offensive pretension ever. The recitative on all hands was so distinctly uttered, as to convey even to new ears the charm of the inimitably expressive Italian *parlante*. Then the soul and main-spring of the whole funny plot, the Barber himself, was the first genuine barber we have seen. BADIALI agreeably disappointed us in this. It is not of course his most fitting part; but he did it with an ease, a *gusto*, an ever-active reference to the other actors and the main plot, forgetting himself to make a whole of it; and he sang its rich music, and rolled out its voluble *parlante* with such satisfying tones, that his one part alone seemed to re-make and restore the play.

Rocco's Dr. Bartolo was altogether clever and appropriate, and he did what we see Tagliafico has just done in London,—restored the fine air in which he upbraids his niece: *A un dottore*, &c. GASPARONI's Don Basilio was well made up, and he sang the grotesquely solemn *La Calomnia* and *Buona Sera* with very good effect. The officer, too, (Sig. BARRATINI) gave character to his small part. Signora MORA's Bertha finished out the domesticity of the scene in a style worthy of the whole; indeed in all the plays she is the best old lady we have had. Of Mme. SONTAG herself we have only room to say, that musically she was more to us in the Rossini than in any other form in which she has sung to us; while her acting was not inferior to her previous rôles,—unless that it might have been a little more fiery for a Spanish girl chafing against bars;—but we incline to Mme. Sontag's rendering, which subdues the one part to the fresh, bright, un sentimental tone of the whole comedy; the only exaggeration in place here is the grotesque, the comic, not the serious and intense. Real life fitnesses must yield to ideal ones in such a pure artistic humor of the brain.

Works of Great Composers

PERFORMED IN BOSTON DURING THE PAST WINTER.

We thought it would be an easy matter, as well as interesting to our readers, to present in one tabular view the many classical compositions, with a hearing of which our Boston audiences have been favored during this last season. But it is difficult to do it thoroughly. The following list includes the principal, and yet it is by no means complete, except so far as the evening concert programmes furnish the materials. But at the Public Rehearsals there have also been not only many repetitions of much of the same music, but many presentations of other pieces, of which (in the want of programmes) it has been impossible at once to recover anything like a full list. We mention only works of the principal composers, omitting the lighter music, and leaving the operas to be summed up after Mme. Sontag's season. It is quite likely, too, that we have made some errors in regard to the relative number of performances of certain pieces by the different societies and artists.

BEETHOVEN.		
Symphonies:	No. of times.	By whom.
No. 1.	1.	The Germanians.
2.	3.	do.
3.	3.	do.
4.	2.	do.
6.	2.	Musical Fund.
6.	2.	Germanians.
7.	3.	Musical Fund.
8.	3.	do.
9. "Choral," ..	2.	Germanians.
Overtures: To <i>Egmont</i> , ..	2.	Musical Fund.
	1.	Germanians.
<i>Leonora</i> , ..	3.	Musical Fund.
	3.	Germanians.
<i>Fidelio</i> , ..	1.	do.
	2.	Musical Fund.
<i>Men of Prometheus</i> , ..	2.	do.
<i>King Stephen</i> , ..	4.	do.
Sextet, op. 81, (Strings and 2 horns), ..	1.	Mendelssohn Club.

A. W. FRENZEL, (late of the Germanians,) Teacher of the Piano-Forte, will commence, with the first week in May, a new Class, with Scholars in Boston and vicinity. (For address, see Card on last page.)

